

A Small, Sweet Way.
There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird wing feeter;
There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor;
No robin but may thrill some heart
His dawnlight gladness voicing,
God gives us all some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.
—[Youth's Banner.]

PLAYED AND LOST.

A slight, pale-faced girl sat silently toying with a piece of needlework on the low porch of her mother's house; a handsome young man lay stretched at her feet. On the lawn another young couple were engaged in a game of croquet. The sun's last gleam lighted up Grace Munson's face with a halo of beauty, and Bernard Norton looked at her with undisguised admiration.

"There is nothing so lovely as a lovely woman," he said aloud.

The pale cheek of Clarice Barton flushed as she quickly glanced at the speaker. It was the third time within the hour that he had referred to her cousin Grace's beauty.

"Grace is indeed lovely," she said. "I would give half my life to be as beautiful."

"And I would give half my fortune to have you so."

No sooner were the words uttered than Norton would have given much to recall them; but he had spoken unthinkingly. Clarice shrank as though she had been struck, arose quickly and went into the house.

"I am in a pretty fix now!" Norton muttered, as he arose and walked across the lawn. "That was a nice speech for a fellow to make to the girl he expects to marry! And Clarice is as proud as Lucifer—high-strung as she is plain, and that is saying a great deal, by Jove! I never noticed her lack of beauty so much before Grace came. A pity one can't find all things combined in one woman! Wonder if I ought to apologize? Oh, well, I'm going away in ten days and she'll forgive and forget. Absence makes the heart softer. And with this consoling thought he strolled on to join Grace Munson, whose companion was just taking his leave.

Grace was like a delicate flower sparkling with the dew of merriment. She had soft blue eyes, an exquisite complexion and golden hair. Altogether she made a picture of rare beauty and it was no wonder Bernard Norton found pleasure in merely looking at her.

That evening Clarice did not appear in the drawing-room, and Norton was free to devote himself to her lovely cousin. Mrs. Barton observed his conduct with displeasure; from the first she had not approved of her daughter's suitor, and wondered what attraction the careless, frivolous young man held for her sensible Clarice.

Next morning a note was handed Norton. Its contents filled him with mingled annoyance and relief.

"When you receive this," Clarice wrote, "I shall have gone to my aunt for a time. You do not love me, Bernard, and it is best for our engagement to end. Be happy in your own way and be very sure I shall be in mine."

That was all, and Bernard's self-esteem was seriously wounded by the epistle. But he consoled himself with the thought that he was now free to woo the charming Grace, and at the end of the month made a formal avowal of love to her.

"I have loved you ever since we met," he said. "Clarice saw this and generously set me free." And Grace, who had become very much enamored of her handsome suitor, gave him the answer he craved.

Two weeks later Mrs. Barton and Clarice were on their way to Europe, and Bernard was trying to submit to the stern decree of Grace's father.

"Yes, sir, you can marry my daughter," Mr. Munson had said, "if you love her well enough to wait three years. I am opposed to early marriages. No girl is fit for wedlock before she is twenty-one, and twenty-five is still better."

It occurred to Bernard that he was likely to spend the greater part of his youth in the capacity of an "engaged man," and he did not improve in humor thereby.

Grace was an acknowledged belle and for a time he was pleased at her success. But there was a secret bitterness underlying his pleasure, for he saw little of his betrothed except in society's whirlpool. There would be no change in this state of affairs until their time of probation ended, and feeling in a false position, he con-

cluded to spend the remaining year in travel.

When he bade Grace good-bye he was struck with the fact that she looked much older than she did at the time of their engagement. Two years of dissipation had left their mark upon her delicate beauty.

"Be careful, Grace," he said. "Keep some of your roses for me until I claim you."

He said nothing of her fidelity; he was only afraid she might lose the beauty he worshipped.

Grace was sorry to lose her lover; she felt desolate for a whole day and cried herself to sleep the first night. But Bernard wrote her charming letters of travel and she soon forgot her grief. She sent him in return the briefest of notes, for the charming Grace did not excel as a correspondent. But one glance at the porcelain picture he carried consoled him for that.

"A fellow can endure weak, insipid letters," he thought, "better than the sight of a plain face across his table three times a day."

Bernard loitered here and there, then made his way slowly back. He was in no haste to reach Chicago until a few weeks before the time appointed for his marriage, which was to take place in early autumn. One morning in July he rang the bell of the Munson mansion and sent up his card to the ladies. There was a step on the stair, the trail of a garment and a woman entered—a woman of medium height, with a beautifully rounded figure and a face of dazzling brilliancy. She approached Bernard and cordially extended her hand.

"I came down to make your welcome a little less inhospitable, Mr. Norton," she said. "My aunt and cousin are unfortunately at a concert; they were not aware of your return. You are quite well? I do not find you so much changed as I expected."

He looked at the charming speaker in mate wonder.

"I beg pardon—I—I—he began. Her face was a ripple of smiles as she regarded him, waiting for him to proceed.

"Is it possible I am so changed that you do not know me? Have three years aged Clarice Barton so much?"

For the first time in his life Bernard Norton lost his composure. He sank into a chair with an ejaculation of wonder.

"Clarice Barton!" he cried. "Why, it does not seem possible! When did you return?"

"Nearly two months ago," Miss Barton replied with her well-bred composure as she gracefully seated herself. "My dear mother died in Rome last winter; Europe was unendurable after that, so I came back to America."

"But you are so changed!" Bernard murmured, after expressing regret at her loss.

Miss Barton smiled sadly. "The years change us all," she said; "they leave their mark."

"Oh, it is not that!" he hastened to say. "You look not a day older than when I last saw you; but—pardon my boldness—you are wonderfully improved."

"I am like my mother's people," Clarice answered quietly. "They all mature late; and the climate of Italy, where I remained most of the time, was very beneficial to me. I hope to return in the course of a few months."

They fell to talking of their travels and 12 o'clock struck before Norton thought they had been chatting twenty minutes. At that moment the hall door changed and steps came towards them. He arose to his feet.

"Impossible!" he said, looking at his watch. "I cannot have been here an hour. Really!"

What he would have said remained unspoken, for Mrs. Munson and Grace appeared in the doorway. His betrothed was very becomingly dressed, but so faded that she seemed like the ghost of her former self. Three years of society had done their work. The cheek had lost its bloom, the nose was sharpened and the beautiful eyes lacked lustre. As she stood beside Clarice for a moment she seemed utterly eclipsed by her once plain cousin.

The meeting of the lovers was constrained, and Bernard took his departure, promising to call the next day, which he did. Grace informed him that he must wait patiently for two more weeks before he could see her often, as she had engagements for every hour.

"But you and Clarice can console each other," she said. "It will be pleasant to compare notes of travel."

Bernard was not slow to avail himself of this opportunity, and for two bright, brief weeks he walked, talked, drove and chatted with the charming woman whom he had once slighted.

What a blind fool he had been! It was Clarice he loved—Clarice he had always loved. She was the boy's fancy and the man's ideal. It was this cultured, interesting woman who suited him and not the faded, frivolous Grace. He grew mad with pain and rage as he realized his position.

He walked into the parlor one afternoon, where Clarice was playing softly.

"Do not let me disturb you," he said, as she half rose from the piano. "I am in a mood to have my savage soul soothed by music. Are the ladies out?"

"I think so," answered Clarice. "I have just returned from my walk and have not seen them."

She played on softly, her dark, dreamy eyes fixed on space. Bernard looked at her with a brooding passion. Suddenly he crossed over to where she sat.

"Clarice," he cried, "my own Clarice, I cannot be longer silent! I love you—I have always loved you. Years ago you cast me off for a foolish whim and I tried to content myself by forming other ties. I know now that I have never forgotten you. Clarice, take me back again!"

His voice was trembling with emotion; but she stood coldly regarding him and her voice was very hard as she said:

"Mr. Norton, I cannot excuse this behavior. I loved you once very dearly, but you made me ashamed of that love and I cast it out. I have for three years thought of you as my cousin's betrothed, almost her husband, and you insult both her and me by your conduct. I supposed you knew that I am to be married as soon as my term of mourning expires. Allow me to pass."

She swept by him like a queen. The alcove curtains parted and Grace stood before him.

"I have heard all," she said. "Go, and never let me see your face again."

She dropped the shining solitaire which she had worn so long into his hand and pointed towards the door. With bowed head he left her presence and went down the marble steps for the last time. He had played for each in turn and lost both.

The Virtues of Saffron.

To the virtues of saffron whole volumes have been devoted, references to some of the more important of which are given in Canon Ellacombe's "Plant Lore and Garden Craft of Shakespeare," where there is a long article on the subject. The plant was chiefly used for diseases of the lungs, whence came its title of *Anima polmonum*; for assisting the eruption of measles, small pox, etc. (in measles it is still occasionally prescribed); as a cardiac and general stimulant, and as digestive and strengthener of the stomach. To his last (supposed) virtue its use in "meats" is due. Lyte says that so taken it "comforteth the stomach, and causeth good digestion, and sudden in wine it preserveth from drunkenness." It was also used as a love philtre, and it still enters largely into some popular receipts for "making up" horses.

The most extravagant notions of its powers were formerly held, and some old writers went so far as to term it the king of vegetables. Even so late as the middle of the last century it held a prominent place in our official dispensaries, but it has now come to be used only as a coloring and flavoring agent, being medicinally almost inert, its property (such as it is) being mildly stimulative. The medical council has recently had under discussion the propriety of omitting it altogether from the next edition of the British Pharmacopoeia as a useless and expensive drug.—[Notes and Queries.]

Duelling on Bicycles.

Duelling on cycles is reported to be a new diversion in Spain. Two members of the bicycle club of Granada recently met in a knife duel, which is probably the first duel ever fought on wheels. Accompanied by their sergeants they wheeled out some distance on the road to Malaga, to a secluded spot. There posted 700 feet apart, a sign they wheeled for each other each directing his wheel with the left hand and brandishing in the right that terrible knife of Spain, "navaja." At the first clash Perez plucked the left arm of Moreno, but at the third encounter Moreno thrust his knife into Perez's right breast. In a few minutes the latter died of internal hemorrhage.—[New York Journal.]

They Would Drop.

"Why do the birds in their little nests agree?" asked the pretty school-ma'am of Freddy Fangle.

"Cause they'd fall out if they didn't," Freddy replied.—[Judge.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

SHE WAS THE BETTER MAN.

While Fraulien Elise Wecker and her sweetheart, Herr Heyl, were walking in the public square of Mayence, Germany, in the evening, Lieutenant Heydicker, chancing to pass, became involved in a quarrel with young Heyl and grossly insulted him. The young man seemed to be frightened at the fierce aspect of the soldier and failed to resent the insult in a manner sufficiently spirited to suit his sweetheart, who at once took the matter into her own hands and boxed the Lieutenant's ears soundly.—[New York World.]

THE FANCY FOR GAY PLAIDS.

The Parisian fancy for gay plaids, has reached America, and plaid silk blouses are becoming quite the fashion. Upon those they suit they are very becoming. They are worn with dark or black silk or lace skirts, and many add a black sash tied in front in a rosette bow. A pretty Victoria plaid has a cream-white ground with multi-colored checks and lines upon it. This plaid, formed into a French blouse, was worn with a skirt of navy-blue China silk and a black velvet sash six inches wide lined with the tartan and finished on the ends with long jet tassels. At the seaside and in the country these gay blouses are very successfully worn with Holland skirts and open coats, but in any case the black sash is not to be forgotten, as this lends a picturesque as well as a becoming finish to the whole attire.—[New York Post.]

COLD CREAM.

A simple rule for cold cream is as follows: One drachm of beeswax, two ounces of almond oil, one ounce of spermaceti. Put all these ingredients in a small cup, set it in boiling water and stir the ingredients till they are melted and thoroughly incorporated. Add, if you wish, about a drachm of green camphor, which should be broken up fine before it is added, and then stirred in until it is melted. Put the cold cream into little jars, in which it is to be kept, and let it get hard. The camphor is not a necessary ingredient, but it is an agreeable one, and is supposed to add to the healing qualities of the preparation. This is very much better than the ordinary preparation of this kind sold in the shops, which is generally made of lard, and seldom or never of the pure vegetable oil, like the oil of almonds or sweet olive oil, as it should be.—[New York Tribune.]

A MODEL HOUSEKEEPER.

A correspondent in Washington who has been making a study of the pretty girls in the Cabinet families writes that Miss Rusk, daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture, is one of the prettiest girls in the Cabinet families. In the Rusk household she is the support of her mother, and attends to social duties like a veteran. There is nothing but common sense about her, and while she likes Washington life and knows it like a book, Miss Rusk much prefers a quiet home life. She has Norse blood in her and exhibits a quiet self-possession that is very reassuring. There is one thing her friends always claim for her, and that is that she is a perfect housewife. She practically takes charge of the house, the servants and the table. She composes the menus and then does the marketing herself. She visits the big market only on rare occasions and claims not to know one piece of meat from another, but she does know how to make the butcher responsible for what he sends to the Rusk table, and if it isn't satisfactory the young housekeeper knows just what remedy to apply, and that tradesmen understand that she is not to be trifled with. Miss Rusk is very proud of her father. She reads a great deal and has a well-stored memory. She is traveling now in Europe with Mrs. and Miss Foster.—[St. Louis Republic.]

EDUCATION AND BEAUTY.

Sir James Crichton Browne is a man of decided courage. In an address to the Medical Society of London he attacks the abuse of the education of the young girl. He claims that as the weight of the female brain is smaller in proportion to the size of the body, and as the specific gravity of gray matter is less in the female brain than in the male brain, therefore the woman should not pursue her studies assiduously. This argument is not, however, of as serious importance as the grave charge brought by Sir James against high schools for girls. "Some of their methods are capable of leading to great evils." He saw lately a score of graduates from a celebrated college. "Many of

them had a stooping gait and withered appearance and spectacle on nose." And he then makes this impassioned plea: "Let us conserve the beauty of our English girls very jealously. I would rather they remained ignorant of logarithms than that they lost a jot of it." Sir James is evidently one of those fine old conservatives who believe that women were created solely for the decoration of the eyes of man. A glance at the girls of our high schools and colleges would show him that his experience was a painful exception, for education does not necessarily turn a thing of beauty into an insipid of horror.—[Boston Journal.]

STYLES 500 YEARS AGO.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century the simplicity of woman's dress in England gave way to ornateness and when the surtout came in, tightly laced in front and at the back, it was subjected to great elaboration of treatment, it being no uncommon sight to see a belle of the period with her long clinging gown decked with heraldic designs which lent brilliance of color to the costume, and at the same time proclaimed the distinction of her family history. Those who were unable to indulge in these quaint embellishments made equally brilliant displays with figured flowers and fruits, and so the game of extravagance was continued from decade to decade, with ever increasing stakes, until it became necessary for special legislation to be introduced to restrain the luxurious rivalry, and the preachers of the day attacked the fashions as things Satanic.

It was at this period that the peculiar head dress styled the "Hennin" began to assert itself. A church spire must have served for its model, seeing that it took the shape of a tall conical tube from the top of which floated a streamer of fine muslin, which was allowed to drop below the waist, and was then carried upward to the bottom of the sugar-loaf. For more than a century this towering structure continued to be worn, despite the fact that it was denounced from almost every pulpit in Europe, all the vices and misfortunes of the time being linked with its ungainliness.

Thus matters went on, with minor modifications, down to the fifteenth century, when a host of new ideas were brought to bear upon the methods of feminine dress. The towering hennin was replaced by the close-fitting head-dresses following the facial outline; the surtout gave way to the low-cut bodice, with flying sleeves; and the long-pointed shoes were superseded by those of square-toed pattern.—[New York World.]

FASHION NOTES.

Hoop ear-rings of plain gold are now fashionable.

Streamers of ribbon down the back from the hat have had their day.

Black silk stockings, with blossoms artistically painted to trail up from the instep, are shown.

A pretty way of trimming the hem of the skirt is with a broad satin ribbon tied here and there in a double bow.

Accordion plaiting is still used in the bodices of thin gowns and in tea gowns, and for the blouse and sleeves of Figaro jackets.

The little Toreador jackets of velvet are not only very smart-looking, but may be put on over a thin silk when the evening is cool.

Elaborate necklaces are no longer in vogue, a single string of gold or pearl beads fitting closely about the throat being all that is necessary.

An artist's rule as to color is: "Choose carefully only those tints of which a duplicate may be found in the hair, the eyes or complexion."

The combination of blue and white or scarlet and white is shown in some of the prettiest Russian dresses, the sleeves, bands, and skirt being of white.

Novelties in collars show a close band about the throat above a yoke in Irish gauze, with a ruffle below, which reaches out from the shoulders and crosses the front.

Gray, tau, and wood tints are chosen for many travelling dresses, with the new effect of accessories in red in the vest, cuffs, side panels, buttons, and binding of the shoulder cape.

A Distinguished Friend.

Jones Deadbeat—Say, cull, who's de bloke dat spoke to yer.
Casper Corker—Friend o' mine—a artist.
Jones Deadbeat—Huh! You don't know such swells.
Casper Corker—Do, too. He's de regu'es' gallery artist.—[Chicago News Record.]

PENNSYLVANIA PICKINGS.

SOME IMPORTANT HAPPENINGS!

Of Interest to Dwellers in the Keystone State.

ROUGH ON THE DOCTOR.

NO DEATHS IN POTTSTOWN FOR TWO WEEKS AND NOBODY SICK.

The doctors of Pottstown are out of a job. There is nothing for any of them to do. Three weeks ago the health authorities on account of the cholera scare, cleaned the place so thoroughly that not a single death has occurred in two weeks, except one last Saturday, and that was a death by accident. This is something remarkable, considering that the town has 16,000 population. Nobody is sick. The borough Council proposes to continue scrubbing, even if the doctors must starve as a result.

THE OLDEST POSTMASTER IN THE COUNTRY.
John Datesman, postmaster at West Milton, has received notice from the authorities at Washington that he is the oldest postmaster in the United States, having been appointed in 1831 and served continuously for 91 years. Mr. Datesman is now past 82 years of age and still hale and hearty. He was born in Northampton county and is one of the pioneers of Union county.

ANOTHER RAILROAD WRECK.
A disastrous wreck on the Philadelphia & Lake Erie railroad destroyed two freights and two engines. Fireman William Teerchman died from his injuries, and two or three others were injured. The accident happened at Lovells, and was caused by a confusion of train orders at Corry.

THE ENGINEER BLAMED FOR IT.
The coroner's jury investigating the death of William Caldwell of Philadelphia, the fireman killed in the collision near Mt. Joy last Wednesday, rendered a verdict that his death was due to gross neglect of duty and violation of the rules of the company by the engineer of the eastbound train, Jacob Michael of Philadelphia.

A TRAIN WRECKER ARRESTED.
Amos Redman, of Mercer, was arrested at Stoneboro for attempting to wreck a train on the Lake Shore road, six miles west of Franklin. He was put off for not paying his fare, and placed obstructions on the track. He is thought to be insane. Redman was taken to Franklin for a hearing.

WAOURED HIS LIFE AND LOST.
As a result of a wager that he could not board a Lehigh Valley passenger train while in rapid motion, at Shoemaker's, near Mahony City, Thomas Ogden, aged 19 years, had both legs cut off, and was frightfully mangled and died shortly after.

BITTEN BY A COFFERHEAD.
Mrs. Thomas Gaggin, wife of a miner, at the Ridgeway works, near Uniontown, was bitten by a copperhead snake and will die. This is the second fatality in this county this season.

MERCY FOR ELMER BRUNER.
The death sentence of Elmer Bruner, of Cambria county, was commuted to imprisonment for life on the recommendation of the Board of Pardon.

EVIDENTLY BORN TO BE DROWNED.
Daniel Milliner, aged 8 years, was drowned at Monongahela City, by falling off a raft into the river. About a month ago he fell into the reservoir and was rescued with difficulty.

DROPPED DEAD FROM DRINKING.
An unknown man dropped dead at Monongahela City caused by excessive drinking.

At York, the Center hall block was burned. Loss, \$20,000, as follows: L. Herse, clothing, \$15,000; Webb's restaurant, \$1,000; C. Plesing, tobacco, \$500; and B. S. Peterman & Co., \$100. All fully insured.

A DISPATCH from Harrisburg says the State fish commission will distribute carp during October and November to all applicants in the State.

The presses, type, engine and all the other machinery of the Washington Review and Economist will be sold at public sale at 1 o'clock p. m. on October 15.

WILLIAM EMPFIELD and his horse were found in an abandoned ore pit near Williamsburg. Empfield, while under the influence of liquor, was driving along the deserted road during the thunder storm Sunday night, and it is supposed his horse became frightened at the lightning and ran off the road into the pit. It was full of water and both were drowned.

The plate department of Light's rolling mill at Lebanon, which has been idle for 17 months, started up Thursday.

The East Pennsylvania Synod of the Lutheran church, in session at Lancaster, has statistics showing a communicant membership of 29,167. The total receipts from all sources during the past year were \$239,533 60. There was raised for benevolent purposes \$294,922 12.

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At Easton, Isaac Workheiser and Edward Martin, brothers-in-law, were drowned in the Delaware by the overturning of their boat, which was loaded with stones.

Elias Wise, of Milling Springs, was instantly killed by a passenger train on the Philadelphia and Reading railroad by jumping from the train while it was in motion.

STATEN BARNES, a prominent citizen of Hopwood, was run over by his heavy road wagon near Uniontown and fatally injured. He was driving his three-horse team down the mountain with a wagon load of mine posts, and in attempting to apply the brake, his foot slipped and he fell under the wheels. He was horribly crushed.

THE FOUR smallpox patients at New Castle, are reported to be getting along nicely.

DAVID McDONALD et al of Beaver, have been awarded \$1,282 damages against the Pennsylvania and Erie railway for damages sustained in changing train on their property.